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Choice Miscellany.

For the Kentucky Tribune.

To Miss Harriet Jackson.

The sun's light shines brightly clear,

Within thine eyes, my Harriet dear;

And on thy lip, the gentle smile

Proclaims a heart that knows no guile.

Thy happy moments are no more,

Yet memory's charm shall restore,

In visions floating when from thee,

Thy form I never more may see.

And days may come when hopes are o'er,

Small sweetly rise to brighten o'er,

When then shall be the constant star

To light and guide me from afar.

And Harriet's form before me now,

With raptures flowing o'er my brow,

Which sends a charm around the soul,

And leaves my heart without control.

From Harriet's P. M. Mail.

AN UNWELCOME GUEST.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

A cold winter's night found a stage load

Of goods gathered about the warm fire of a tavern

In a New England village. Shortly after

We arrived, a postilion drove up and ordered

That his horse should be stable for the night. Al-

though we had eaten supper we repaired to the bar-

room, and as soon as the fire was kindled,

The conversation flowed freely. Several anecdotes

Had been related, and finally the postilion was

Asked to give us a story, as men of his profession

Were generally full of adventure anecdotes. He

Was a short, thick set man, somewhere about

Forty years of age, and gave evidence of great

Physical strength. He gave his name as Lem-

uel Vincy, and his home was in Dover, New

Hampshire.

"Well, gentlemen," he commenced, knocking

The ashes from his pipe and putting it in his

Pocket, "suppose I tell you about the last ad-

venture of much consequence that happened to

me? You see I am now right from the Far

West, and on my way home for winter quarters.

It was about two months ago, one pleasant

Evening, that I pulled up at the door of a small vil-

lage tavern in Hancock county, Indiana. I

Said I was pleasant, I meant 'twas warm, but

It was cloudy, and likely to be very dark. I

Went in and called for supper, and had my

Horse taken care of, and after I had eaten I sat

Down in the bar-room. It began to rain about

Eight o'clock, and for awhile it poured down

Good, and it was awful dark out of doors.

"Now I wanted to be in Jackson early the

Next morning, for I expected a load of goods

There for me, which I intended to dispose of on

My way home. The moon would rise about

Midnight, and I knew if it did not rain I could

Get along very comfortably through the mud af-

ter that. So I asked the landlord if he would

Not see that my horse was fed about midnight,

As I wished to be off before two. He expressed

Some surprise at this, and asked me why I did

Not stop for breakfast. I told him that I had

Sold my last load all out, and that a new lot of

Goods was waiting for me at Jackson, and I

Wanted to be there for them before the express

Agent left in the morning. There was a number

Of people sitting around while I told this, but

I took but little notice of them, one man only

Arresting my attention. I had in my possession

A small package of pistols, which I was to de-

liver to the sheriff at Jackson, and they were no-

tices for the detection of a notorious robber

Named Dick Hardhead. The bills gave a de-

scription of his person, and the man before me

Answered very well to it. In fact, it was per-

fect. He was a tall, well formed man, rather

Slight in frame, and had the appearance of a

Gentleman, save that his face bore those hard

Crude marks, which an observing man cannot

Mistake for anything but the index to a villan-

ous disposition.

"When I went up to my chamber I asked the

Landlord who that man was, describing the sus-

picious individual. He said he did not know him.

He had come there that afternoon, and

Intended to leave sometime during the next

Day. The host asked me why I wished to

Know if I was ever acquainted with him. I

Resolved not to let the landlord into the secret,

But to hurry on to Jackson, and there give in-

formation to the sheriff, and perhaps he might

Track the inn before the villain left; for I had

No doubts with regard to his identity.

"I had an alarm clock, and having set it to

Give the alarm at one o'clock, I went to sleep.

I was aroused at the proper time, and immedi-

ately got up and dressed myself. When I

Reached the yard, I found the cloud all passed

Away, and the moon was shining brightly. The

Hostler was easily aroused, and at two o'clock

I was on the road. The mud was deep and the

Horse could not travel very fast; yet it occurred

To me the best made more work than there was

Any need of, for the cart was nearly empty.

"However, on we went, and in the course of

Half an hour I was close of the village. At a

Short distance ahead lay a large tract of for-

est, mostly of great pines. The road led di-

rectly through this wood, and as well as I

Could remember, the distance was about twelve

Miles. Yet the moon was in the east, and as

My road ran nearly west, I should have light

Enough. I had entered the wood, and had gone

About half a mile when my horse, which had

Gone with a bump and jerk into a deep hole,

Uttered an exclamation of astonishment; and

That was not all. I heard another exclamation

From another source!

"What could it be? I looked quickly around

But could see nothing. Yet I knew the sound

I had heard was very close to me. As the hind

Wheels came up, I felt something beside the

Jerk of the hole. I heard something tumbling

From one side to the other of my wagon, and

I could also feel the jar occasioned by the move-

ment. It was simply a man in my cart. I

Knew this on the instant. Of course I felt per-

plexed. At first I imagined some poor fellow had

Taken this method to obtain a ride; but soon

Gave this up, for I knew any decent man would

Have asked me for a ride. My next idea was

That somebody had got into the wagon; but

This passed away as quickly as it came, for no

One would have been so bold as to get in there

For the purpose. And that thought, gentlemen, you

May see. Whoever was in there had hidden

Himself.

"My next thought was of Mr. Dick Hard-

head. He had heard me say that my load was

All sold out, and of course he supposed I had

Some money with me. In this he was right, for

I had taken two hundred dollars. I understood

He meant to leave the cart when he supposed

He reached a safe place, and then either creep

Over and shoot or knock me down. All this

Passed through my mind by the time I had got

A good way into the hole.

"Now I never make it a point to brag of my

Self, but yet I have seen a great deal of the

World, and no pretty calm and clear-headed

Under difficulty. After a few moments my res-

olution was formed. My horse was now three

Steps in the mud, this would enable me to step

Out of the hole. So I drew my revolver. I drew

It out, and having wiped the rain about the

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